

Him & I by [this_is_allison](#)

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Summary:

He's out his head, I'm out my mind. We got that love, the crazy kind.

1. Part 1

Cross my heart, hope to die

To my lover, I'd never lie

Said be true

I swear I'll try

In the end, it's Him & I

He's out his head

I'm out my mind

We got that love

The crazy kind

I am his, and he is mine

In the end, it's Him & I

Him & I

"Hop, we can't do this here." Joyce moans; throwing her head back as it hits the shelf in the stock room at Melvad's, her legs wrapped around his waist, his cock pumping deep inside her.

"It's a little late for that, Joyce." he groans, his lips moving to assault the newly exposed delicate skin of her neck, being careful not to leave a mark. They had been sneaking around for the better part of a month now, but between jobs and kids it was hard to get any decent time together. They had to take it where they could get it - and they wanted it *a lot*. Jane came home with Will and Jonathan after school and Hopper picked her up after his shift. He usually got off late so as

long as Jane was asleep he would sneak into Joyce's room for a round or two before collecting her and heading home. They also made use of his blazer, the station, her car, his cabin (his tiny shower being her favorite), and even once fucked at a school fundraiser.

"You feel so good...so big." she pants, ripping open his uniform shirt to expose a white t-shirt underneath that she stuffs her hands under, needing to feel his skin against hers in as many ways as possible.

"I think you said the same thing last night," he smirks up at her then goes back to trailing his lips down her chest and into the crevice of her cleavage, pulling her undone shirt open more to give himself better access to her voluptuous breasts.

"We have to...hurry," she sighs, feeling her release building, glancing up at the clock on the wall. Her break ends soon, but she was most worried about leaving the register unattended. He migrates his thumb down to massage her clit, moving in hasty circular motions, causing her to cry out. He covers her mouth with his, masking the sounds of her moans, knowing she's close.

"Come for me, baby." he coaxes her, rubbing her clit more feverishly, feeling his own release strengthening. Her moaning grows louder as he feels her pussy walls contract and suddenly she's shaking as she reaches her peak, the pleasure completely engulfing her. He quickly comes after her, his seed filling her fully, the sensation of her release too much to handle. They stay like that for a minute, both trying to get control of their breathing. He puts her down before long as they both hurry to pull up pants and button shirts.

"That was..." he was genuinely blown away each time they had sex. It never felt the same with anyone else as it does with Joyce.

"I know," she returns, standing on her tiptoes to give him a delicate kiss as she reaches next to her, grabs the closest item, and hands it to Jim before she moves to walk out in front of him.

"Ah yes, can't forget the toothpaste we were looking for." he snorts and slaps her ass as she walks past him. Once they get back up front they are thankful to see no customers so she takes the toothpaste back and hurries him out before anyone can see him.

"See you tonight?" he questions, suddenly feeling like a nervous teenager. She just smiles and nods, retreating back to her spot behind the counter. He whistles as he walks back to his blazer, feeling on top of the world, but when he gets there he's met with a brooding Jonathan - leaning against the door.

"Hey, you need my services?" he smiles, trying to make a joke, but Jonathan's face stays stern.

"I need you to stay the hell away from my mom."

2. Part 2

"Jonathan, what?" Hopper is stunned. He thought the boy liked him at least a little.

"You think I don't know about what's been going on, the sneaking around? I share *a wall* with her." Jonathan gives him a knowing look, crossing his arms.

Hopper isn't sure what to say at this point having been completely caught off guard. It's not his place to have this conversation with Joyce's son. After all, she had been the one who wanted to keep things quiet.

"I appreciate all the police work you've done for my family the past two years, but that's all it is. That's where the line is." Jonathan pushes himself off of the Blazer and goes to walk away, but the Police Chief stops him.

"Where is this coming from? Your mom and I have been friends for years. You never cared about me coming around until now." Hopper questions, genuinely confused.

"That's because I thought you were just being her friend. What were you waiting for Bob to die so you could jump in?" Jonathan accuses.

Hopper is somewhat stunned, but he should have been expecting it. That was one of the many reasons Joyce wanted to keep things quiet. She didn't want to be public so soon after Bob had perished, fearing

what the town and her children would think.

"She doesn't need someone that drinks, takes pills, sleeps around, and whatever the hell else you do. You aren't good for her so stay away. I'll bring Jane to the cabin when you get off work so she's not alone. There's no reason for you to come by my house anymore." Jonathan passes him, hitting Hopper with his shoulder as he does, and gets in his car, speeding off.

He was supposed to join The Byers for dinner tonight with Jane after he got off work, but after his conversation with Jonathan he couldn't help but feel precarious. Not wanting to disregard the teenager's request, he dials Joyce's number from his desk phone.

"Hello?" Joyce's voice comes on after two rings - she must be in the kitchen getting things ready.

"Hey, I...um..." he clears his throat "I won't be able to make it for dinner. I just got a call." he lies, knowing she would start asking questions if he didn't provide a reason.

"Okay," Joyce looks back at Jonathan at the sink, pulls the receiver closer and lowers her voice, "well come over when you're done...I got something new to wear tonight..." she teases him. She hadn't gotten new lingerie in years, but wants tonight to be special. She's going to talk to him about making things more official between them. They are moving fast, but she hardly cares, she doesn't want to hide anymore. She can feel herself falling for him - if she hasn't already.

"I'm exhausted. I'm probably just going to head home when I'm done. You don't have a problem keeping Jane? I'm not sure how late it's going to be." he's surprised how easily the lies are sliding off his tongue and how natural they sound, but feels awful. He could just talk to her about his conversation with Jonathan, but maybe the teenager had a point. It had got him thinking. Everything he loves is always swallowed by a massive black hole.

"Yeah of course, but Hop..." she wants to make sure he knows they don't always have to have sex; they can just sleep.

"I gotta go, Joyce." he hangs up the phone before she can get another word in. She listens to the dead line for a minute before she hangs up and turns around, seeing the kitchen table set for five people. Jonathan looks over at her, "I guess we won't be needing these." she clears one of the spots, putting the plate, silverware, and glass away - her displeasure evident.

"Everything okay, Mom?" Jonathan questions, full well knowing what is bothering her. He feels guilty, but he only wants what's best for his mom. Sure Hopper is a fine friend to his mother, but he's too unstable for anything more than that. She's too consumed in her gratitude of him helping her save Will to think clearly.

"Of course, honey." she gives him a tight-lipped smile and goes back to the stove.

The next morning a loud banging on the door wakes Jim. Rolling over he sees the alarm clock read 8am, he groans hoping the person

will just go away, but the knocking persists. He climbs out of bed and makes his way to the door, wearing nothing but his boxers, "Alright, alright," That much noise accompanied with his hangover is making his head throb. As soon as he opens the door he's knocked backwards, lips connecting to his, the smell of smoke filling his senses. She must have had a cigarette on the way over.

"Joyce," he breaks their kiss, his hands on her shoulders.

"Hopper," she stands up on her tiptoes to attach her lips to his neck and continues, "I thought since you've had some time to relax, we could have some time to play." she keeps sucking the same spot on his neck as she slides her hand down his chest and into his boxers, wrapping her hand around his member, eliciting a throaty moan from him. Joyce starts to walk backwards, her grip still firm on his cock, giving him no choice but to follow.

"The kids?" he questions, his head foggy from her touch mixed with the hangover, being led into the bedroom.

She scoffs, "You think they're up this early? We've got a little time." she pushes him back on the bed, peels off her jeans and begins to unbutton her flannel shirt as she straddles him.

"And we don't have to worry about being quiet," she smirks, pulling her panties to the side, and sinking down onto him before he even realizes what's happening.

"Fuck, Joyce." Hopper grunts, not at all prepared. She is completely in control as she begins bouncing up and down on his cock.

"Oh, Hop." she moans, throwing her head back as she takes off her flannel shirt and tosses it behind her. Hopper sits up, pulling her tight against him and works on the clasp of her bra. Before long the garment is following the same path as her shirt. He flips them so he's on top of her, earning a squeal from Joyce, staying seated inside her.

"Damn woman couldn't even let me get a rubber on." he laughs as he takes one of her nipples in his mouth, drawing circles with his tongue before he bites down on the small bud.

"I missed you last night." she admits, pulling his head up to kiss him.

"Me too. How was Jane?" he asks, continuing to pump inside her.

"We're in the middle of having sex and you want to talk about the kids?" she stops his motions, "Is everything okay?" she questions, looking into his eyes suspiciously.

"Never better," he lies, attaching his lips to her neck and resumes his thrusts.

Once they collapse on the bed, both sated from multiple orgasms, the phone rings. Hopper groans, but gets up and slides his boxers on before heading towards the phone. He got the landline recently; Joyce thinking it would be a good idea since he has Jane now. He doesn't see that. All people ever do is bother him.

"Hello?" he picks up with a hint of agitation in his voice at his post-coital bliss with Joyce being interrupted.

"Is she there?" Jonathan's voice is dripping with venom. Hopper clears his throat, speaking quietly so Joyce doesn't overhear.

"I really don't think that's your business...."

"It is when you two are sneaking off and leaving me with the kids. And when I explicitly told you to stay away from her." he's fuming. Hopper looks up as Joyce comes into view, walking towards him.

"She'll be home soon," he hangs up quickly and looks over at Joyce.

"I have to get home, who was that?" she notices he's a little tense for the activities they just did.

"It was Jonathan. He wants me to stay away from you."

3. Part 3

Notes for the Chapter:

So instead of giving you guys one long final chapter, I've split it into two chapters. The next chapter will most likely be the last one. Sorry there isn't much Hopper in this part!

"What? Why the hell would he say something like that?" Joyce asks, her brow creasing.

"He doesn't think I'm good enough for you," Hopper admits, not wanting to get into every detail Jonathan had said - about hearing them have sex, Bob, his habits, and whatever other reasons he had for wanting to keep Hopper away from his mother. "And I definitely don't think he's wrong..." Hopper scratches his neck awkwardly, unable to look at her directly in those big brown eyes.

Her eyes widen in shock, "so you two get to decide what's best for me and all that crap last night about working late was bullshit?" she puts on her coat, but due to her anger it gets tangled, making it take twice as long.

"It's not like that, Joyce - " he rubs his face with his hand in frustration trying to find the right words to explain, but he's cut off.

"It seems to me like my son expressed his concerns to you and instead of coming to me to talk about it you just decided he's right and lied to me. I don't like being lied to, Jim." he flinches at her use of his first name, "Lonnie did it all the time and I can't deal with another Lonnie," she looks up at him, hurt clearly visible in her large eyes, but she can tell the comparison crushed him.

"Lonnie lied because he was hurting you, I was only keeping the truth because I didn't want to hurt you. We're not the same, Joyce, and you know that. I just need some time to think," he bites back trying to keep his anger at bay.

"If you need so much time to think then maybe it's a good idea that we break things off before anything gets more complicated. You'll have plenty of time for thinking," she glances at her watch, noticing the time. The kids would probably be up by now. And hungry. "I have to go," she pulls the cabin door open, the frigid January morning air assaulting them right away.

"That's not what I want," he pleads with her, but she's already halfway out the door.

"Maybe it's what I want," she bites back at him, glaring at him until she's out the door, slamming it behind her before he can say another word. He slumps down against the wall, confused about how things had went from being so great to so fucked up in such a short amount of time.

Joyce gets in her car, trying her hardest to keep the tears from falling. After Lonnie she swore that she would never let a man control her life again and that's exactly what Hopper is doing. And her own son. Okay not exactly, but it still infuriated her that they think they can decide what's best for her and completely exclude her from the narrative.

When Joyce gets home she's surprisingly met with an empty house. She looks in each of the rooms, but the kids are gone. Jonathan must have taken them somewhere since his car was also gone. She decides to make herself some coffee and sits down at the kitchen table, lighting a cigarette while she thinks.

About twenty minutes later Joyce looks up from the table as she hears someone opening the front door to see Jonathan coming in alone. He walks into the kitchen, throwing his coat around one of the chairs across from his mother.

"Hey, Jane woke up and wasn't feeling well so I took her home and Will wanted to go see Dustin's new comic books. Sorry I didn't tell you, but I didn't know where you were...." Jonathan feigns innocence, walking over to pour himself a cup of coffee. "You hungry?"

"You knew exactly where I was or you wouldn't have called Hopper's this morning," she retaliates, tapping her finger against the cigarette over the ashtray. His eyes widen, knowing she knows that he knows.

"Mom..." Jonathan begins.

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him to stay away from you," he explains simply.

"I can't believe you. Why would you do something like that? How did you even find out?"

He blushes instantly, "I heard you guys...and after that I started seeing little things I didn't notice before. He's not good for you, Mom. The drinking, the pills, the women. He'll pull the same stunts that Dad did and I can't watch you go through that again. Especially now that I'm older," Jonathan explains sadly. He remembers every detail of what his father put his mother through. And he does appreciate everything Hopper has done for his family, but that doesn't mean he's earned his place.

Joyce's expression softens at that, everything clicking into place, "look I'm sorry about hiding things from you. If Hopper and I were going to start something I shouldn't have snuck around making you think it's something bad. Hopper helped bring Will home, he's always been here for us. He's nothing like your father," Joyce stops at that, remembering that she did compare Lonnie to Hopper, instantly feeling guilty that she'd voiced the thoughts aloud to him.

She lights another cigarette, "but you don't have to worry about it anymore, we broke up." Joyce looks down at the ashtray, trying her hardest to keep her tears at bay. When she finally looks up at Jonathan he can see how truly devastated she is.

"Mom, look, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have gotten involved. If you think he's right for you and he makes you happy then I will support it," he is realizing the huge mistake he's made. He should have talked to his mother before going to Hopper. Hell he shouldn't have went to Hopper at all.

“He wants time to think and maybe that’s best for me too right now. I just don’t think Hopper is built for a serious relationship after all that’s happened. Anyways, you’re gonna be going off to college soon so I want to spend as much time with you and Will as I can,” she smiles trying her hardest to mask the heartbreak she’s experiencing.

“Mom....”

“I’m going to take a nap,” she takes her cigarettes and lighter down the hallway and disappears into her room.

Jonathan puts his head in his hands, angry with himself. All he’d wanted is for his mother to be happy, but he somehow ended up being the one to make her unhappy. He can’t live with that. He has to fix this.

4. Part 4

Jonathan sits in his car about a block down from Hawkins Theater smoking a joint. It's been two weeks with no contact between Hopper and his Mom. Jonathan expected to still see Jane hanging out at the house, but when he didn't that's how he knew this is serious. He thought if he could get them in the same room, force them to talk, then they could move on from this whole mess. He can't live with the guilt he feels for ruining whatever was going on between them. Especially when he looks at his heartbroken mother struggling to hide her pain. He had to do something to get their attention.

That's how he decided to smoke in a very public place that just happens to be along Hopper's patrol route. Jonathan isn't a partier by any means. After watching the way his father abused alcohol and whatever else he was just never that interested. He had to admit that he enjoyed the buzz that the weed gave him.

He watches as Hopper's blazer comes slowly around the corner then down the street. Hopper drives by Jonathan, glancing into the open window and does a double take as he passes. Jonathan watches through the side mirror as he parks his car across the street and approaches him.

"Hey, Chief," he squints up at him the late winter sun hitting his eyes.

"What in the hell are you doing, kid?" Hopper's eyes bounce back and forth between the joint and Jonathan.

"Just having a little smoke...wanna join?" he smirks up at Hopper holding the joint out towards him. Hopper takes it and drops it on the ground before crushing it under his boot.

"Alright, c'mon," he opens the car door for Jonathan leading him back to his blazer.

"Where are we going?" Jonathan questions as he follows. His legs feel like they have cinder blocks attached to them, but when he looks down he sees nothing. After a few minutes he gets into the passenger

seat, Hopper watching him in annoyance.

“Have you even ever smoked before?” Hopper asks, both his hands gripping the steering wheel in frustration as he begins to drive. He can’t arrest Joyce’s son. Jonathan shakes his head, “not really...my piece of shit dad turned me off to all that stuff,”

“Then why start now?” Hopper questions a little more harshly than he intended.

“I messed things up between you and mom,” he confesses to the older man regretfully.

Hopper groans, rubbing his face with his left hand, “Look, the issues between your mother and I have been there long before you were even born. You just pointed out the obvious. We were bound to figure it out eventually,” he throws the blazer into park as they reach the police station.

“It’s like fire fighting fire with us,” he gets out of the car sticking a cigarette in his mouth before lighting it and leading Jonathan inside.

“Flo, call Ms. Byers and tell her to come to the station,” both Jonathan and Flo are visibly caught off guard by the Chiefs formal use of Joyce’s name.

Jim makes his way back to his office with Jonathan following close behind.

“Am I in trouble...for the pot?” he questions as he sits down across from the cop.

“Not from me,” Jim answers without looking up at the boy, trying to occupy himself with the papers on his desk. He wouldn’t admit it out loud, but he’s anxious to see Joyce.

About fifteen minutes later he hears a familiar panicked voice coming from the other room and braces himself for impact.

She comes barreling into his office a fire in her eyes, “what the hell is going on?” she demands looking between the pair of them, unable to look at Hopper directly.

"I caught your son here smoking pot...." Hopper begins, but Joyce interrupts, "so you arrest him?! If I could count the number of times you've smoked pot," she scolds visibly upset.

"I'm not arresting anyone I just figured you wouldn't want him driving around," he sighs loudly, "I'll give you a few minutes," he steps out of his office trying desperately to keep his anger at bay.

She crosses her arms as she looks at Jonathan, "what were you doing? This isn't like you,"

"I messed things up between you and Hopper. I just wanted you guys to talk," her expression softens at this as she takes the seat next to him.

"You didn't mess anything up. You were looking out for me. I am so grateful to have a son who worries so much about me," she brushes a few pieces of hair out of his eyes, "nothing is your fault, okay?" he nods as she pulls him in for a hug smoothing the hair on the back of his head.

When they make their way back up front Hopper isn't in sight, "he got a call," Flo shrugs as she returns to what she was doing.

That weekend Joyce ends up out at The Hideaway, the only bar in Hawkins, on a Saturday night with Karen Wheeler. Jonathan and Nancy had somehow convinced her that she needed a night out. Which she supposed she did. Things were finally getting better for Will so she could relax a little. All the kids were having a sleepover at The Wheelers with the two teenagers watching them.

"Come on, let's get some drinks," Karen pulls her away from her thoughts and towards the bar.

After a few drinks they've settled at a table with Joyce actually starting to feel relaxed for the first time in a while. That is until she spots Hawkins Chief of Police walk through the door and plant himself on a barstool like he's done it a hundred times before. Which he probably has.

"Is that Jim Hopper?" Karen follows Joyce's eyeline after her friend

stops responding.

“Yeah. Let’s hope he doesn’t see us,” Joyce looks back at her taking a big gulp of her drink.

“Something happen?” Karen fishes.

“We were sleeping together, but it’s over now.” Joyce normally wouldn’t be this forthcoming, but the alcohol is making her lips looser than normal.

Karen’s eyes go wide, “Mike did say he noticed you and Jim spending a lot of time together. I assumed it was because of the kids, but I had a hunch there might be more to it,” she looks back in his direction, “oh don’t look now,” Joyce looks back over to see a rather busty brunette has seated herself in the barstool next to Hopper and by the looks of it is engaging in some heavy flirting.

“Well that was fast,” Joyce rolls her eyes as she finishes off her drink and signals the waiter for another. When she looks back over Jim turns his head and catches her eye, straightening up instantly. The woman continues to put her hands on his arm and leg as she talks, but Hopper suddenly looks uncomfortable. Like his parents caught him doing something bad. It would probably make her laugh if the aforementioned woman wasn’t throwing herself at him. It makes her blood boil.

“We can leave...” Karen beings, but Joyce jumps in, “No! I refuse to let that ruin our night,” Joyce is definitely well under the influence of more than a few drinks at this point. Karen starts talking about something ridiculous Ted did recently, but suddenly all she can think about is how much she misses him. She still doesn’t know what she wants with him beyond the physical. Her kids have been through enough and she can’t take a chance on something she doesn’t know is going to work or not. Out of the corner of her eye she notices Hopper excuse himself and head for the back of the bar. She waits a minute before politely interrupting Karen and excusing herself to follow his path. As she approaches the restroom door she hears the sink running.

Hopper splashes cold water on his face when there’s a soft knock,

“I’m almost done!”

“It’s me,” comes a familiar voice from the other side. He hangs his head. He doesn’t want to talk to her when he’s been drinking; when they’ve both been drinking. It wouldn’t lead anywhere positive. He opens the door regardless.

“All yours,” he looks down, briefly into her eyes, before he takes in what she’s wearing. A sparkly knee length dress and heels. Karen must have dressed her. Joyce places her small hand just above his belly and presses signaling him to move backwards. Once they’re both inside she shuts and locks the door. He just stares at her unsure how to act. The bathroom is small and suffocating.

“I...” Joyce struggles to get the words out. She walks up to him, lifts herself up on her tiptoes, and kisses his mouth softly. It takes him a minute, but before long he’s kissing her back feverishly. He picks her up and she wraps her legs around his waist as he presses her back against the wall. One of his hands holds onto her neck while the other roams up and down her side. They continue to kiss as Joyce opens her legs wider attempting to get some sort of friction going. She moves to kiss the spot where his neck and jaw meet as she unbuttons his shirt. The sensation of her hands on his skin is like fire causing him to break apart from her. She looks at him in wonder, legs still wrapped around his waist.

“What is this?” he hangs his head facing their intertwined middles.

“I...” Joyce has already had trouble explaining herself before their heated moment. She’d be lucky to string together a full sentence now.

He finally looks up at her, eyes full of fury, “I can’t fucking do this anymore,” he places her back on the ground and he’s gone before she can even process anything.

She gathers herself and goes back out to Karen a few minutes later insisting she’s ready to leave. The ride back to her house is quiet and filled with a different energy than before. Karen realizes something happened, but she doesn’t ask. If Joyce wanted to talk about it she would. Karen drops her off at her house insisting she’ll feed the kids in the morning so not to hurry to pick Will up.

Joyce spends all night thinking of the hundred different things she could have said to Hopper in that restroom.

The next morning Joyce wakes with a clearer mind and a need to talk to Hopper. She'd been stubborn and stupid throughout this whole thing. She'd been the one to break things off when he explicitly stated that wasn't what he wanted. It wasn't what she wanted either, but she's scared to fully open herself up to him. Being friends who have sex is a lot different than being in a committed relationship. Those never worked out for her.

She makes herself presentable and drives to his cabin in the woods.

Taking a deep breath she walks up the stairs on shaky legs and knocks on the door. After a minute she hears footsteps coming closer until the door is opened.

"Joyce," Hopper is shocked when he sees her standing on the other side.

"I thought we could talk," Joyce finally finds her voice, biting her lip as she looks up at him.

"It's not really a good time...." Jim looks at her nervously. Just then Joyce hears the shower turn on followed by a female voice, "Jim! I'm taking a shower, you joining me?" his eyes widen as he reads her face.

"It's not...." he begins to explain, but she stops him shaking her head, "don't," she can't look at him as she backs away and walks back to her car, mind buzzing out whatever he's is saying.

She drives until it's just empty grassland around her, which doesn't take long in Hawkins. She doesn't know why she ever thought Jim Hopper would change his ways. They break up and he's already sleeping with someone else. Hell that might not have even been the first time. She thought they shared something special, but the fact that he could so easily sleep with someone else hurts like hell.

She wasn't sure last night, but it's clearer than ever today; it's time to

move on.

tbc....

Notes for the Chapter:

I got really deterred from writing this story due to the constant messages basically demanding an update or asking when I'm going to update with NO OTHER kind of comment. I'm happy to talk about whatever, but don't spam me asking for updates when you can't even bother to comment on/about the story itself. It's rude af.